

I'm happiest when most away
I can bear soul from its home of clay
On a windy night when the moon is bright
And the eye can wander through worlds of light.

The world was made of nothing then
This made by nothing now again
Mighty nothing unto thee,
Nothing we owe all things that be.

When I am not and none beside -
Nor earth nor sea nor cloudless sky
But only spirit wandering wide
Through infinite immensity.

The world was made of nothing then
This made by nothing now again
Mighty nothing unto thee,
Nothing we owe all things that be.